
Title: WAR OF IMBALANCE

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This shall be the last
entry I make before
following my kinsmen to a
better life. 'Tis
appropriate, I think, that
I use a newly bound book
with the finest vellum;
after all, it may be an
Age or more before 'tis
found -- if ever.

Before I continue, I
should write a few words
about mine homeland --
Serpent Isle. Before the
War of Imbalance, the
dreadful war that did
tear asunder our beloved
homeland, Serpent Isle
was a fair land indeed.
The land was in Harmony:
our people were at peace
-- secure within our
glorious subterranean
cities. The arts prospered
under the generous
patronage of our most
beloved Hierophant, blessed
be his name, and no
citizen went hungry or
was bereft of a home.
We were content and
happy; we had no reason
to suspect that our
happiness would not
continue indefinitely. We
were so naive.

The War of Imbalance
started simply enough, but
by the time 'twas over
most of our people were
slaughtered, our cities
devastated, and the land
laid waste. I have been
lucky, for I have survived
to write about the
tragedy. I cannot say the

same thing about many of
my friends -- they are
all dead. Even as I write,
the Adepts are scurrying
about, preparing for the
great ceremony that shall
energize the Wall of
Lights. Soon, I and my
surviving comrades shall
leave our shattered land,
never to return. I am
afraid of the future, but
I know I cannot live in
the past. I can only
remember the past. I
shall strive to remember
the times of joy and try
to forget the ashen,
bitter memories of the
war.

The Adepts are ready,
they have begun the
ceremony. I feel a great
surge of power! The light!
'Tis blinding! The Adepts
have succeeded. The Wall
of Lights is so beautiful...